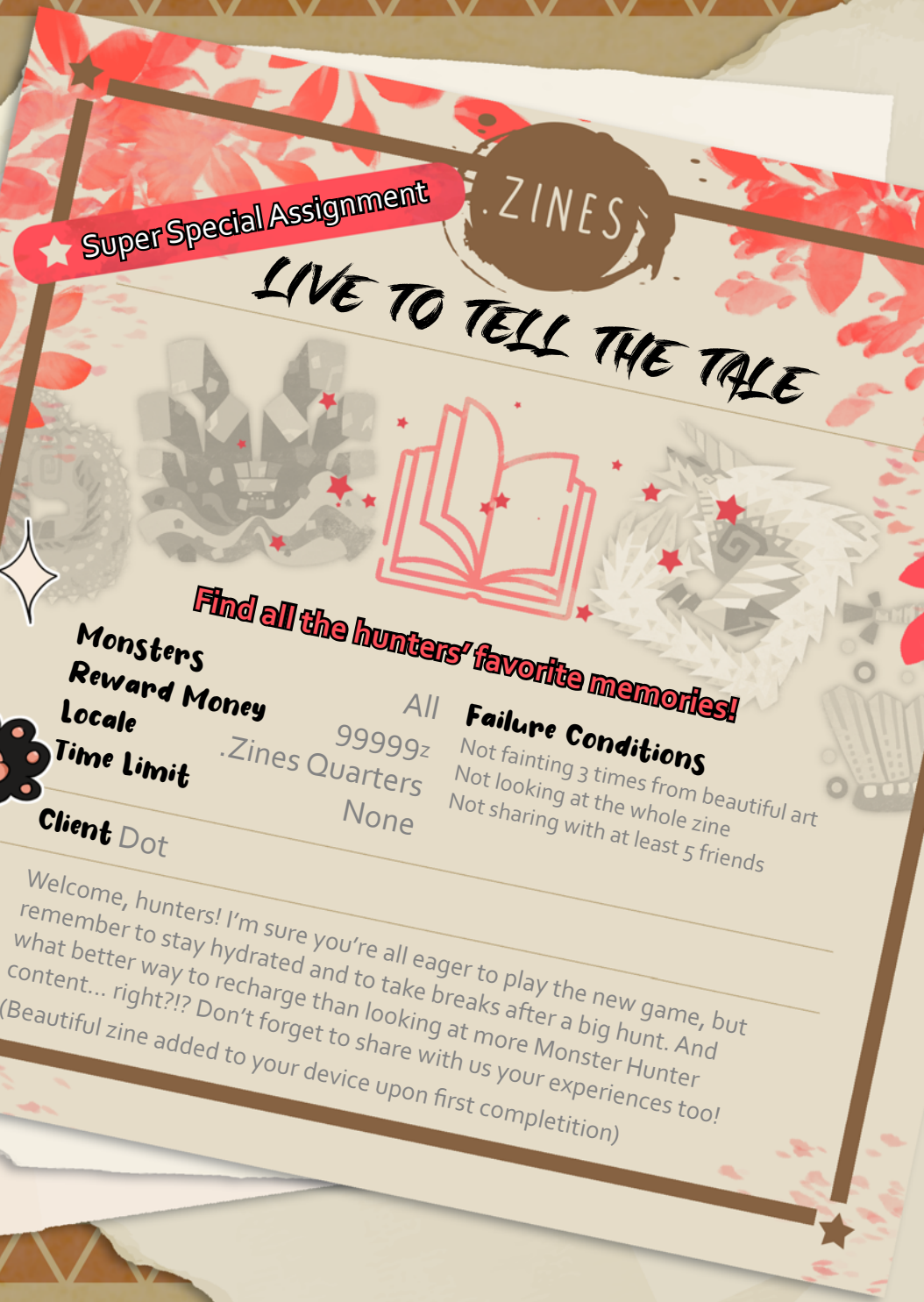
TALES FROM
THE GATHERING HUB
a Monster Hunter fanzine

CREDITS


Super Special Assignment
.ZINES
LIVE TO TELL THE TALE
Find all the hunters' favorite memories!
Monsters All
Reward Money 99999z
Locale .Zines Quarters
Time Limit None
Failure Conditions
Not fainting 3 times from beautiful art
Not looking at the whole zine
Not sharing with at least 5 friends
Client Dot
Welcome, hunters! I'm sure you're all eager to play the new game, but remember to stay hydrated and to take breaks after a big hunt. And what better way to recharge than looking at more Monster Hunter content... right?!? Don't forget to share with us your experiences too!
(Beautiful zine added to your device upon first completition)

Tales from The Gathering Hub
a Monster Hunter fanzine

Title suggested by May-Tine & Teddiepress

•••

No art in this zine was made with the use of AI.
We promote humans.

The content of this zine can't be printed, sold or reposted.
All works associated with this project belong to their respective creators and are for personal use only.

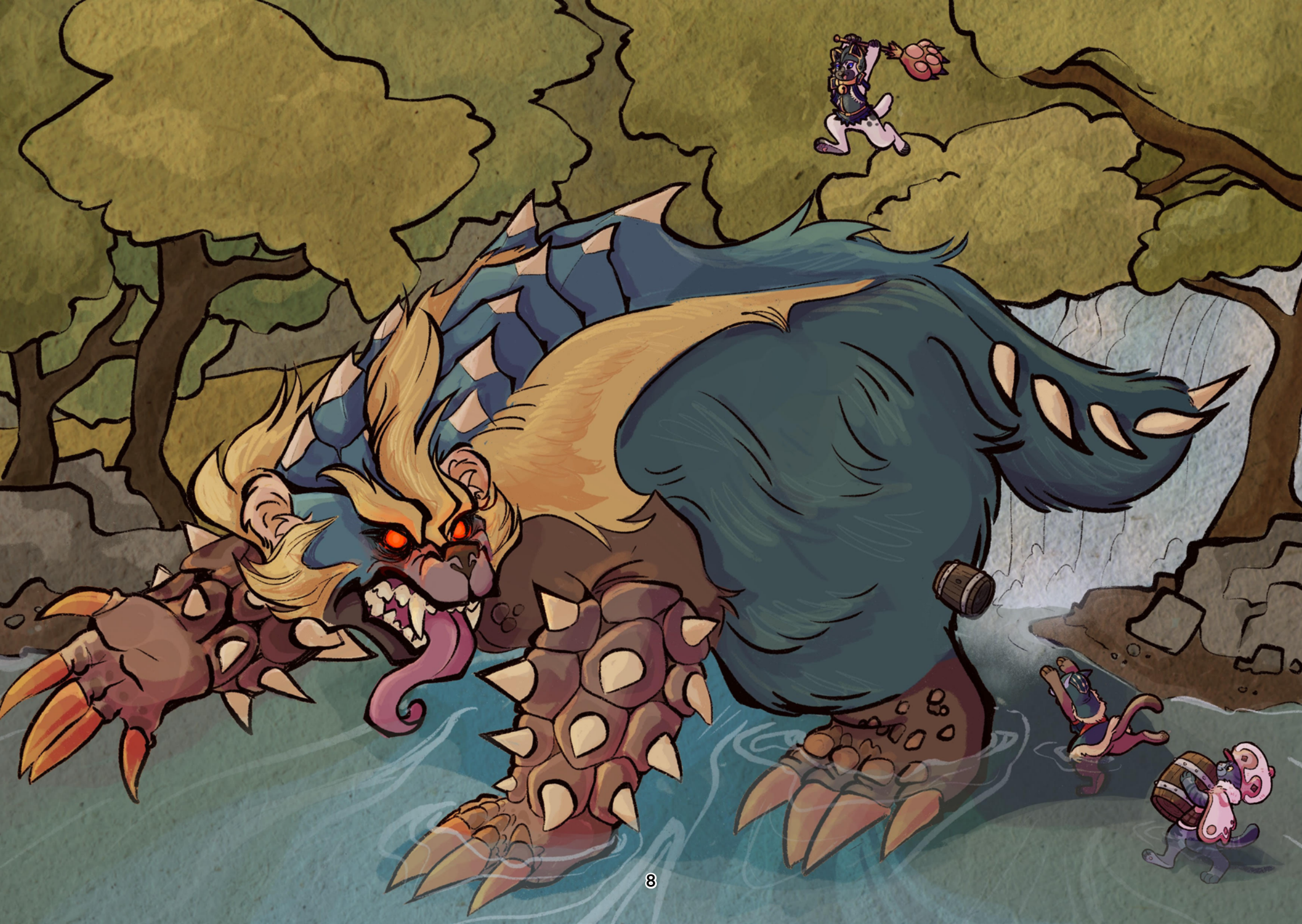
Please respect the hard work behind this free project.

.Zines is not affiliated with Capcom in any way.

If you want to share this zine,
please retweet/reblog/share our official social posts.
Thank you.

.ZINES

Published on February 28, 2025



Titan of the Frozen Seaway

by BrewedFiction

Skean belongs to SecretAdept

Naomi finds her student in the same place he usually is: the training grounds. She hears the splintering from where metal meets wood long before the purple-haired hunter comes into view. He lands a decisive blow against the training dummy's flank and elemental sparks fly when the switch axe in his hands discharges its vials.

As the mechanical dummy breaks down, Naomi calls out to him. "Skean, we have a quest. There's a Gammoth on a rampage."

Skean turns, retracting the weapon to sheathe it. Excitement flashes in his eyes. "When do we leave?"

"Twenty minutes. Take a flame weapon. And it's going to take a while for the Soaratorium to get us to the Frozen Seaway, so"- her student runs off to the item box- "...bring some hot drinks."

She sighs and heads off to the shop to stock up for both of them.

The Soaratorium is by far the fastest way of getting to the Frozen Seaway, though the high altitude makes the trip feel longer. The closer they get to the mountain on the frozen ocean, the more Skean paces the deck to keep warm.

Milo, Naomi's Palico, swats at the thin layer of ice coating the ship's railings. Even bundled up in a coat made from Gammoth fur, the Palico wasn't fond of the colder temperatures.

"Will you be able to draw your arrows with those gloves on?" Naomi asks, nodding to Skean's thick gloves made of Lagombi hide and fur. She ties her long brown and blonde hair back while her breath fogs in the air.

"I'll manage. Gammoths are pretty big, right? I'd probably hit it even if I was off by a few inches," he says.

She takes a sip of the peppery, soup-like drink in her flask. It drives away the chill, though the bite of the wind blowing past them still remains. The Snowshear hood protects most of her face from the elements. "True, but their size is also going to work against you. They have incredible strength and stamina- it'll take more than a few dozen arrows to bring one down."

"It's this weather that's going to be the real problem... I hope this quest is worth it." Skean observes the beetle-like Kinsect resting on Naomi's left arm. "If it's so big, why not bring a Hammer or something?"

"I considered it. It's better to be agile, though. If you wind up for an attack at the wrong time, the Gammoth may come crashing down on you, and the Palicos will have a hard time getting you back on a cart. Assuming you survive a hit like that."

"Whoa. I'll be careful, then."

Naomi gives him an amused smile. "I would hope so."

Once on the ground, Milo climbs onto Naomi's shoulder. The ice, like a thick sheet of black glass below their feet, catches the dazzling aurora above. Blues, greens, and purples dance across the cracked surface. There's nothing but darkness below the ice.

Skean tests the ice's thickness with his boot. It doesn't splinter, but it does sing. The sound carries on the shrieking winds blowing around them. The echo of it sounds eerie, almost haunted.

"Has it always been like this?" Skean asks.

"Maybe not always, but some of the oldest recorded history mentions the frozen sea. Or so the Bherna researchers tell me, anyway," Naomi says. With the foot of the mountain before them, they started the climb. "Anything living here either adapts or succumbs to the climate."

A loud roar pierces the air, unlike the cry of any monster Skean was familiar with. Milo hisses as the ground quakes and a herd of Popo comes stampeding around the two hunters.

"Was that-?" Skean starts.

"Yeah. We should hurry," Naomi says.

The gentle drift of snowflakes belies the tense atmosphere, as though the whole mountain were holding its breath. As the incline starts to even out, not close to the top of the mountain, a beast outclassing the size of some Elder Dragons comes into view. Skean gasps in amazement and surprise.

Several Blango jump in a coordinated attack against the Gammoth. Though they claw and bite, their fangs don't pierce the hardened snow gathered on the monster's legs. The Gammoth roars, sweeping its trunk around its legs and pinning the Blango against the stony face of the mountain until they stop moving entirely.

Naomi readies her insect glaive. Snow hisses and evaporates into steam where it touches the red hot end of the blade. "If we're able to, let's capture it. Relocating might be the way to go, if the rampage is a result of a battle for territory."

"Got it," Skean says as he draws the first arrow. "Let's do this!"

Just as Milo springs off Naomi's shoulder and brandishes their mace, the Gammoth faces them. It inhales deeply. Naomi braces herself for another deafening roar, but it never comes. The Gammoth blows out the air across the field, kicking up snow clouds. Visibility constricts to a foot around her, though she can hear her student curse on the left.

"Shoot anyway," she calls out to him.

"What?"

The sound of one stomp followed by another comes from straight ahead. It's moving, but is it coming towards them, or to the side...?

"It's not like a Nargacuga- it can't move around suddenly. You might not hit its legs, but like you said, they're pretty big."

An arrow slices through the air and strikes just above the leg. Naomi dashes forward, spears the glaive downwards and jumps, pushing as hard as possible off the soft ground. She vaults and breaks through the snow clouds. Scoring a hit down the Gammoth's flank, the Kinsect dives into the target and glimmers red as it extracts energy. Naomi grabs onto the Gammoth's front leg and begins to climb as visibility returns.

Milo rushes in and cracks at the snow covering the same leg. They yowl and run away as the monster raises and slams the leg back down, throwing Naomi off.

The trio find their rhythm, alternating between attacking and pulling back like a dance. But despite the damage dealt, it does little to slow the titan down.

The Gammoth sucks in air with its trunk, pulling in snow and the two hunters along with it. Skean fires another arrow as the distance between them closes; it strikes the bone protecting the monster's head, forming a faint crack.

"Run!" Naomi shouts.

The Gammoth rears up on its hind legs, drawing up to a height so tall that it blocks out the sun, before starting to come crashing back down with its full weight. Skean throws himself to the west while Naomi disappears in the opposite direction. The mountain tremors as one of the Gammoth's front legs lands not far from him.

Before Skean can get back up, something wraps itself around him and plucks him from the ground. The Gammoth's trunk squeezes tighter as it continues to lift upwards. He can barely breathe, much less use his bow when his arms are pinned to his side. A thin trail of blood leaks from the crack in the facial carapace down past the Gammoth's small yet focused eyes. Any more force will break several bones.

Naomi's Kinsect flits in between him and the monster, charging at the Gammoth's face. When the Gammoth tries to swat it away, Skean slips from its grip and drops onto snow below. His arms are painfully numb as he retreats.

"You okay?" Naomi calls out. Her one visible eye looks him over.

"I'll be fine," he says.

"Good. If I keep it distracted, can you set up a shock trap?"

Skean nods and Naomi takes off running. She slides underneath the Gammoth to the other side, drawing its attention.

While Skean and Milo work on setting up the components, Naomi vaults and climbs to a higher cliff. She waits for the titan to come closer before leaping at it, narrowly avoiding a swipe of its trunk as she lands on its tusk. Both of its eyes fixate on her.

"It's ready!" Skean shouts.

Once again Naomi jumps, this time away, and shoots a burst of air from the glaive for extra distance. She sprints towards Skean with Gammoth lumbering not far behind.

The thundering footsteps carry to the trap, hidden partially in snow, and suddenly it triggers. Sparks leap upwards from the trap, powerful enough to keep the Gammoth in place as both hunters throw tranq bombs. After an agonizing half minute, the monster's legs buckle and it topples.

"Well done," Naomi says, clapping her student on the shoulder.

"Thanks." He breathes a sigh of relief, then- "...how are they going to get it back to Bherna?"

"That's for them to figure out. For now, we owe ourselves a hot meal and some rest."

ZINES

!? Zine Contributors Favorites

POOGIE COSTUME

1. Dodo-ham-a
2. Hog in a frog
3. Bacon Behemoth

Decoration by desansen

weiyi_swy

Monster Hunter: The Toxic Squad

by KnowledgeBear

Selia, Rhaq, and Homura belong to KnowledgeBear's three anonymous friends.

It's cold, and the damp cavern made my steel armor even colder. Makes sense for hunting in the Frost Islands.

I was injured, badly. No healing potions and lying half submerged in a pool of water, I found myself shocked and without my weapon.

Unfortunately, I wasn't alone. Looming above me coated in electricity and various wounds, dripping with blood and malice was the monstrous form of a Khezu. Hind legs built up to a bulkier upper body. Stubby single pronged claws were followed by mid-sized wings. A stocky tail trailed behind it, while a stalky neck extended to its face. A ferocious mouth took up the diameter of its unsettling face.

The monster turned towards me, determined to end this struggle between us. As it readied a final attack, the last thing I could think of was the words and faces of my former teammates. They were the reason I tried to hunt this thing alone.

"Don't you remember how badly you failed last mission?" Short brown hair, serious eyes, and an imposing frame. Rhaq.

"Listen, we're friends Antoine, but you gotta get better at hunting." Long, straight cherry hair, soft eyes with a taller build. Homura.

"We can't hold your hand forever! And you shouldn't hold us back either. Why don't you try hunting a Khezu, since they're your *favorite*?" Short, messy light blue hair, crazy and reckless eyes with a shorter stature. Selia.

I know Selia wasn't serious, but if I could prove myself to them, they wouldn't think of me as a burden.

Didn't work out that way, I thought to myself. As the Khezu launched its mouth out by elongating its neck, I closed my eyes in anticipation.

...Only for that anticipation to be met with the clanging of metal against teeth?

My eyes shot open to see Homura, jagged greatsword deflecting the Khezu's maw. "Hey look, it's Antoine!" she joked, shooting me a grin before pushing the beast.

Where had she come from? With my limited vision I spotted a ledge above me, and I saw Rhaq and Selia jump in a... strange formation. Selia was standing on the blunt end of Rhaq's sword! He began spinning in midair, and then finally swung his weapon into axe mode. That sent Selia blasting off like a rocket, she yelled "**METEOR STRIKE,**" and with a hammer nearly double her size, slammed into the side of the Khezu's face with concussive force that was followed by the explosive blast of her weapon.

The Khezu reeled as the duo directed its attention away from me and Homura held out a potion. "H-how are?... Why are-" I let out feebly, before reaching a shaky hand to take it.

"We weren't going to let you die, duh!" she explained, as if it was an obvious truth. "We tailed you, and found you dueling that Khezu."

"It was impressive," Rhaq commented stoically between strikes.

"*I* wanted to see you beat this thing on your own," Selia chimed in, landing another blow. "But things got dicey, so we just *HAD* to save your ass."

With the potion fully downed, I regained feeling in my body again, the tingling shock dissipated as my wounds healed. "I, I mean," I stuttered, not sure what to say. I didn't think they would care, much less save me. Tears started to form, but-

"Cry later, this thing's not dead yet!" Selia shouted, as the Khezu shot bolts of electricity. *She's right, feelings would have to wait*, I realized as Homura and I rolled out of the way and formed rank with the group.

Letting out a guttural roar, the monster charged, wings surging with electricity. "Dodge, now!" Rhaq warned, as we scrambled to safety... Only for the Khezu to spread its wings and take off towards an opening in the ceiling.

"It's trying to fly away!" Selia pouted, offended.

"No it's not, let's try that thing we talked about!" Homura suggests as Selia and Rhaq nod. The pair throw their wirebugs at each other, four threads

weaving together to create netting.

Homura runs into it, stretching the netting without straining it, and motions to me. "We need you to aim!" Looking over at the formation, I realized they created a wirebug slingshot!

They supported me, now I need to support them!

I fumble, but manage to grab the wiring as Homura lifts her legs. My hands tremble trying to position it, half in anxiousness but also in... excitement? Anticipation? It's hard to explain, but working together again with this dysfunctional group gave me a strange sense of confidence, like we could hunt anything. I wanted to see how far we'd fly as hunters.

As a team.

"Steady, steady..." Homura assures, snapping me back to reality. *Right, focus!* I think to myself, trying to aim above where the monster was.

"NOW!" I let go in surprise, but the trajectory was on course to fling Homura with incredible speed, catching the fleeing Khezu in an instant. Once she was close, she brandished her greatsword, a toothy smile on her face as it glowed a sickening purple.

"Nobody except us messes with Antoine! Here's our signature move: **TOXIC SLASH!**" she declared, bringing the putrid blade down into the beast's back, slicing its left wing. A flash of purple lit the sky briefly, the Khezu cried out in pain as toxins seeped into its wound, and Homura barely hung onto her greatsword lodged in its back.

The attack hit its mark, causing the monster to hit the wall below the cavern's opening. It wasn't a victory however, as the collision knocked Homura off the Khezu!

"GO, CATCH HER!" commanded Rhaq, throwing me a spare wirebug.

I stumble, but break into a run towards the other side of the cavern. Catch her, using the command to fuel me forward. With a leap, I use a wirebug to swing towards a nearby wall.

Catch her! I have to prove I can support the team like they supported me! From the momentum, I run horizontally on the wall until gravity catches up with me, then put all my might into jumping off the wall. I'm above her now, about five feet between us and ten more before she hits the floor.

CATCH HER! Using the last of my adrenaline, I shoot a wirebug at her with my left hand, and another with my right to suspend us in place. The wires wrap around her stomach, the line bounces but then holds taut. We dangle as the danger releases from my head like smoke, and relief fills its place. "Hey look, it's Antoine!" Homura lets out weakly, pointing at me as I let out a small chuckle.

While in midair, I noticed the Khezu had clung to the midpoint of the wall, and was beginning to climb toward the exit. All we had done would be meaningless, unless Selia and Rhaq could stop it! I spotted them below, Rhaq racking his brain furiously for a plan.

"We need height..." Rhaq concluded dismissively.

"WAY AHEAD OF YA!" was the only warning he got, as Selia used her hammer to launch him into the air, an explosion propelling him forward.

"That bad habit again... Well, it worked!" Rhaq got what he wanted. Flying towards the Khezu he readied his Switch Axe. It glowed a furious scarlet as he slashed the monster in an X shape, flames following his attack.

"**Gunpowder**..." he murmured, before switching his weapon into sword mode with a downward thrust, knocking the Khezu off the wall. Instead of flames however, the attack scattered unlit gunpowder, the purpose of which would be revealed as Selia sprung towards the falling wyvern.

"**GELATINE!**" she roared. Finishing both the Khezu and the name of their attack, she swung her crimson hammer. It whacked the Khezu hard, and ignited the bits of gunpowder that clung to the beast, generating a larger explosion than earlier!

Rhaq tried using his wirebugs to avoid the blast, but it wasn't enough as he was pushed anyway, landing in a puddle. As the dust cleared, Selia stood atop the deceased Khezu, unharmed by the explosion thanks to blast proof armor, and laughing maniacally.

I lowered Homura and we rejoined the rest of the group with an air of accomplishment. "What are you waiting for?" Homura said, motioning towards our prize. "Carve that bad boy up, and we can make you some proper armor!"

I stared at the group, taking them in. I thought they didn't want me around because I wasn't useful. "You mean, I'm still on the team?" I asked, unsure.

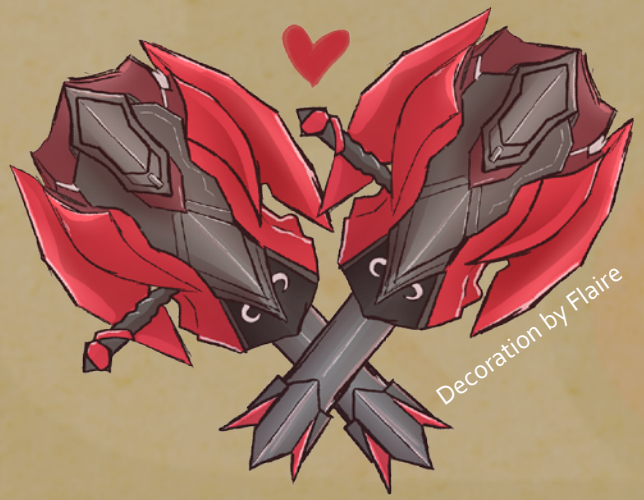
"Was there any doubt?" Rhaq retorted, letting out an amused smirk.

"We need someone doing the grunt work, after all!" Selia added, with a

rare earnest smile. Despite all of our flaws and constant fighting, I realized I'd come to love being in the Toxic Squad with my teammates. No, my friends!

I let the tears I had suppressed earlier work their way out of my eyes, as I was able to find the words I had been looking for.

"Thank you!"



Decoration by Flaire

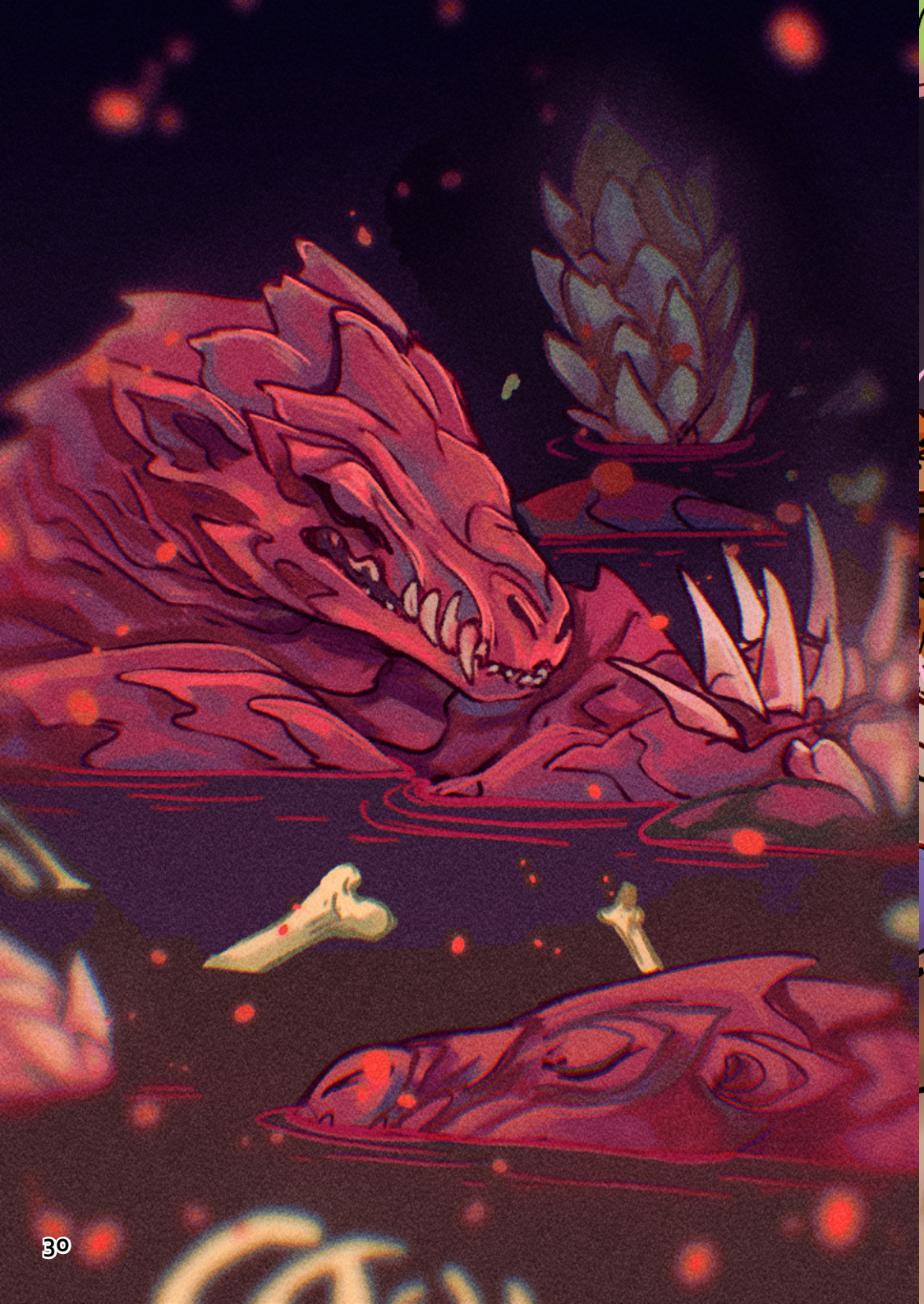
Decoration by Caramel Cocoon Creations

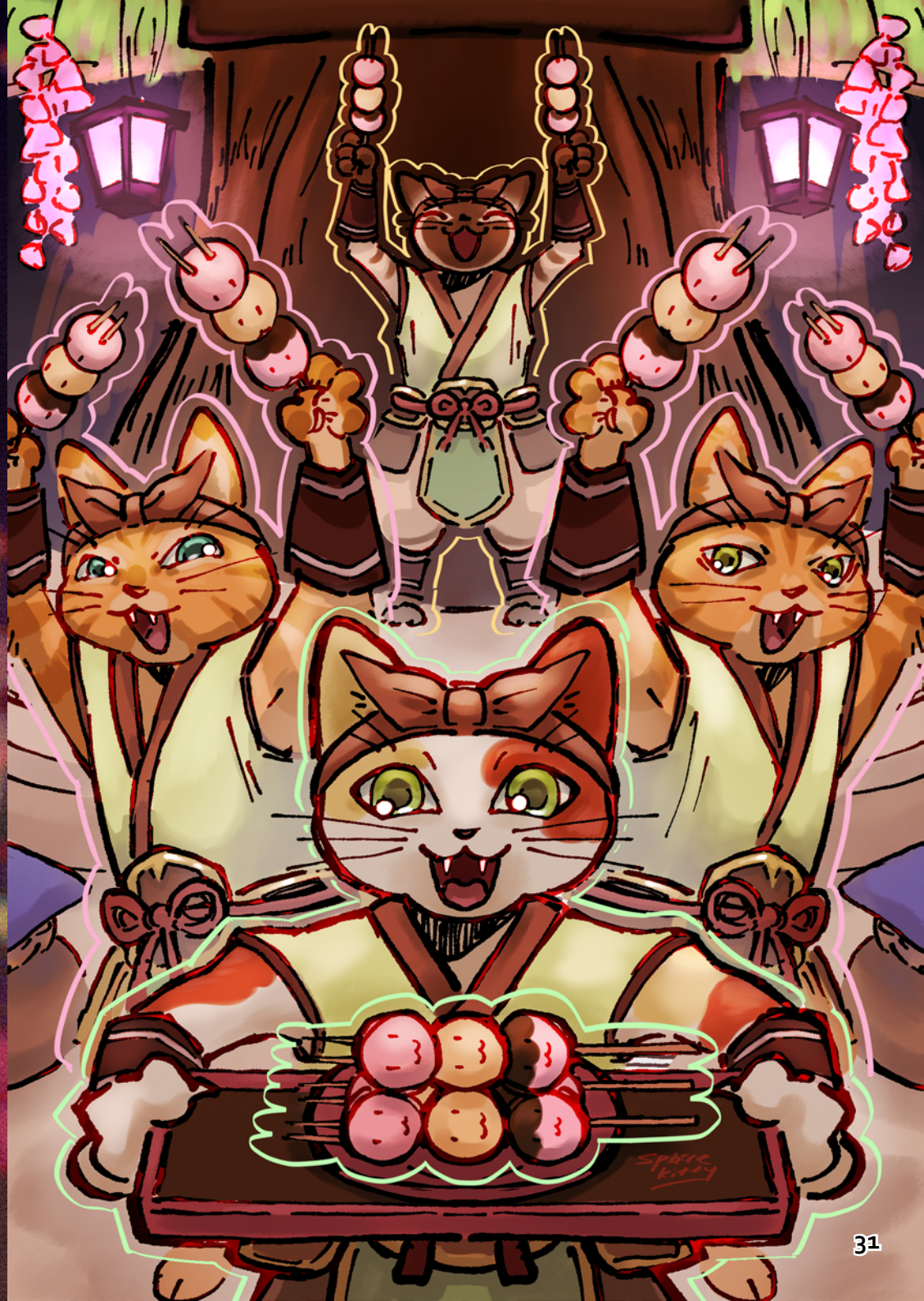
ZINES

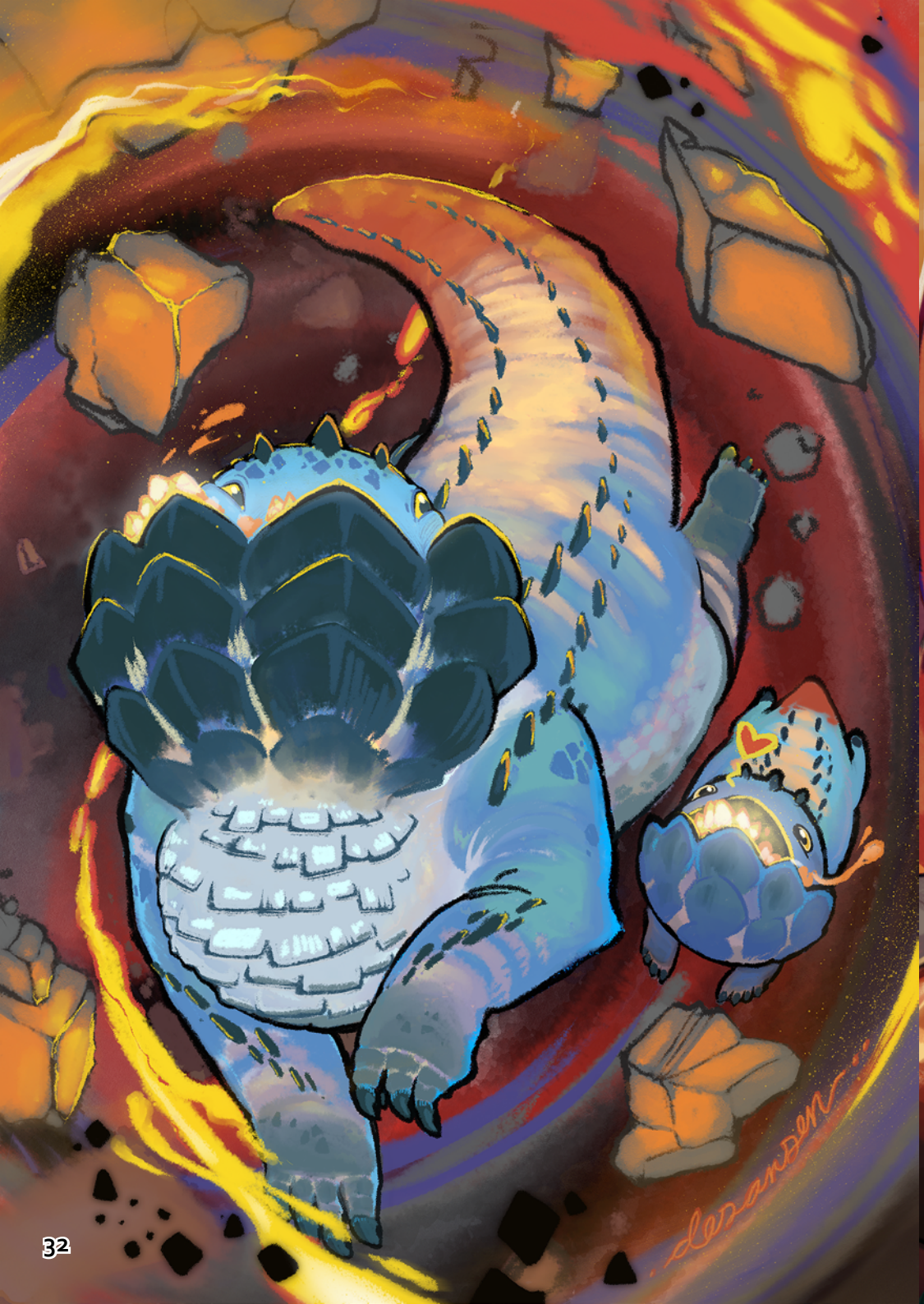
Zine Contributors Favorites

MAIN WEAPON

1. Insect Glaive
2. Hunting Horn
3. Switch Axe







TeddieAress

Hunters Fried Rice

Ingredients
- Shrimp
- Beef
- Egg
- Garlic
- Green onion
- Soy sauce
- Oil/Seasame oil
- Rice (Probably)

Optional
- MSG
- Monster tail

- Cook beef (cubed) in pan until Browned, then remove from pan. Then, Cook shrimp in pan until Pink (remove as well)
- In the same pan sauté green onion & garlic until fragrant, then add beat eggs. Cook until they solidify, and add day old rice to pan.
- Stir frequently, and re-add your meats. add soysauce and msg (optional) to taste.
- Plate & Done!

@TORTERRART

BARROTH BLUNDER

by LotusBean

"Wake up!"

The palico called out. Its tail flicked in annoyance, as it got no response. It walked towards the side of the bed and stuck its paws underneath.

"Hey! Wake-" The bed flipped over! "-up!"

...Along with a sleeping hunter.

"WAH!" An undignified yelp rang through the room, as the hunter fell on the ground with a loud 'thump'. The bed landed on her and there was a muffled 'oof'. She kicked the bed off her, then glared at the palico standing beside her.

"What the hell, Yoshi?!" The poor hunter, Phoebe, sat up and massaged her back.

"I'm hungry, meow." Yoshi answered, no trace of guilt in his eyes.

"Can't you order your own food???" Phoebe rubbed her temples, feeling a slight headache from the rude wake-up call.

"No! Meowscular chef is having a special offer that gives a 10% purr-cent discount breakfast if we order together." Yoshi proceeded to smack Phoebe's arm. "And I want it, so get up now! Or we're gonna miss it!"

"Fine." The hunter yawned. "Let me get my gear real quick."

Half an hour later, Phoebe and her palico walked out from the cabin. She stretched her arms out and greeted some fellow hunters walking past. The legiana armour clinked as she walked up the familiar stairs of Astera. Quite a number of hunters walked past her as she yawned a few more times.

When she reached the canteen, a palico with white, pink and blue calico marks sitting at the main table noticed them. Its ears perked up and happily rushed towards them. It greeted them with a jump while Yoshi snorted in acknowledgement.

"Hello Milkshake! Where's June?" Phoebe asked.

The palico meowed and pointed towards a hunter with their head on the table. Phoebe gave a pat of thanks, which made Milkshake purr. Phoebe walked over and taps the hunter on the back. "You okay?"

The hunter looked up.

"No....I agreed to a beer drinking challenge and lost." June, her younger sister, grumbled. "Not only do I have to pay for all those beers, now I owe ten odogaron scales."

"Haha." Phoebe said flatly. "Your 'favourite' monster."

"That bet was such an impulsive decision. I usually wouldn't agree to something like that but-" she rubbed her neck. "-guess I still hadn't gotten out the adrenaline when I got challenged. And well, I'm in need of a nergigante gem." she finished sheepishly.

"Ai! What's done is done." June stretches her arms out. "I'm going back to our cabin and sleeping in. What about you?"

Phoebe thinks for a bit. "I might finish some village quests I haven't done. Hey, let's do a hunt together some other time since big bro isn't around."

Her sister gives a thumbs up and whistles for Milkshake to follow. June and her palico waved Phoebe goodbye as they walked down the stairs. Phoebe, feeling a little more motivated, orders a well-done steak, a good number of meat skewers for both her and Yoshi, and a mug of beer. A must-have in every hunter's meal! Once she finished the hearty meal, she smacked her lips in satisfaction. "Alright, time for work!"

She looks at the hunters board and spots an unfinished quest that required trapping a barroth for research.

"Let's take this today."

Yoshi, who had just finished his food, took a look at the quest. "But it's only two stars."

"Yeah. But we've been taking all those quests in rotten vale and elder's recess recently. I miss some of the old areas, y'know. And some fresh air." She patted Yoshi's shoulder. "Anyway, we can go back to the tougher quests after this okay?"

"Hmph. At least this will be easy money."

Phoebe nodded. "Trapping is way faster than killing them. This will be a quick hunt!"

"What happened to 'a quick hunt' meow?" Yoshi looks at the fifth dead barroth lying beside them. Phoebe, head in her arms, doesn't say anything. Yoshi taps her back with his weapon.

She wasn't sure if this action meant consolation or mocking.

Yoshi shook his head in disapproval. "Such a simple quest should've been done by now.. I made all those traps for you yet somehow, you still managed to screw it up."

"I know, I know. It's just,-" Phoebe sighs. "-,I get way too into the hunt. Whenever the monsters charge at me, I can't help but get pumped up. All that adrenaline flowing into my veins just makes me wanna keep going. And by the time I realize...it's too late."

"You siblings are the same." Yoshi huffed and scratched his ear.

As the handler stamps 'QUEST FAILED' for the fifth time, Phoebe looked away sheepishly, unable to look into the handler's judging eyes. She quickly scuttled away to avoid any more embarrassment.

"Maybe I should stop taking this quest for a while?" Phoebe said to herself.

"Yes." Yoshi answered.

"I'm not talking to you." Phoebe retorts.

A passing hunter preparing to go out for a hunt, notices Phoebe. "Yo, Phoebe! Heard you failed another quest?"

"Damn, you've already heard about it?"

"This isn't a big village y'know. Don't worry, pal." He patted her shoulder. "We've all had those days." He grinned.

She sighed in agreement. They bidded each other farewell and walked back towards her cabin. When she opened the door, she saw June was already awake, feeding their pet shepard hare.

"Welcome back, how'd your hunt go?"

"Not good. Failed it five times in a row."

"Oof." Jun patted her sister's head. "You want me to come help?"
"No. The thing is, it's not even that difficult." She slumps down on her bed. "I know I can complete it! If I just,-" she slaps her hand over her eyes and groans. "-remember to NOT kill it."

"Ah. I see." June nodded. "I should hold up a sign that says 'DON'T KILL IT!' for you." she joked.

"Maybe...But man is it a pain to see I've completed all two star quests except this one." Phoebe grumbled.

June pats her back. "Work hard..."

Phoebe decides to take the rest of the day off while June and her chatted over all kinds of topics.

The next day, Phoebe was filled with determination. "This time, we'll finish *that* quest this time." Phoebe places her hands on her hips.

"I sure hope so meow."

The battle against the sixth barroth took some time, Phoebe and Yoshi being extra careful this time not to go overboard. Both the barroth and Phoebe knew the barroth was reaching its limit. They stared daggers at each other, watching.

The barroth striked first with a head charge!

Phoebe blocks the attack with her shield. Taking a heavy hit to the head by Phoebe's lance, the barroth finally staggered backwards into the shock trap waiting for it. Seeing her chance at last, she quickly threw a handful of sleep bombs. When the last sleep bomb hit and the body of the barroth fell heavily down, the breath Phoebe had been holding finally released.

"Yeah! We did it!" Phoebe hugs Yoshi and swings him around. He lets her hold him for a while before pushing her face away.

"Can't believe it took you this long meow."

"I'm just so glad I don't have to do this cursed quest anymore. I am never going to hunt a barroth for a while after this!"

She walked into the gates of Astera with great satisfaction. The first to come greet her is June.

"Yo, I heard from our handler that you finally completed that quest!"

"Yup! I am so sick of barroths now."

"Let's have some food to celebrate. My treat!"

"Alright!" The two hunters and their palicos walk up the stairs. "Oh by the way, don't tell big bro about this, I'll never be able to live it down..."

June nodded but a fleeting thought crossed her mind. 'He's still gonna find out eventually.'

He found out eventually and laughed about it for days after. It then became a family tradition to give Phoebe barroth-related things for her birthday.

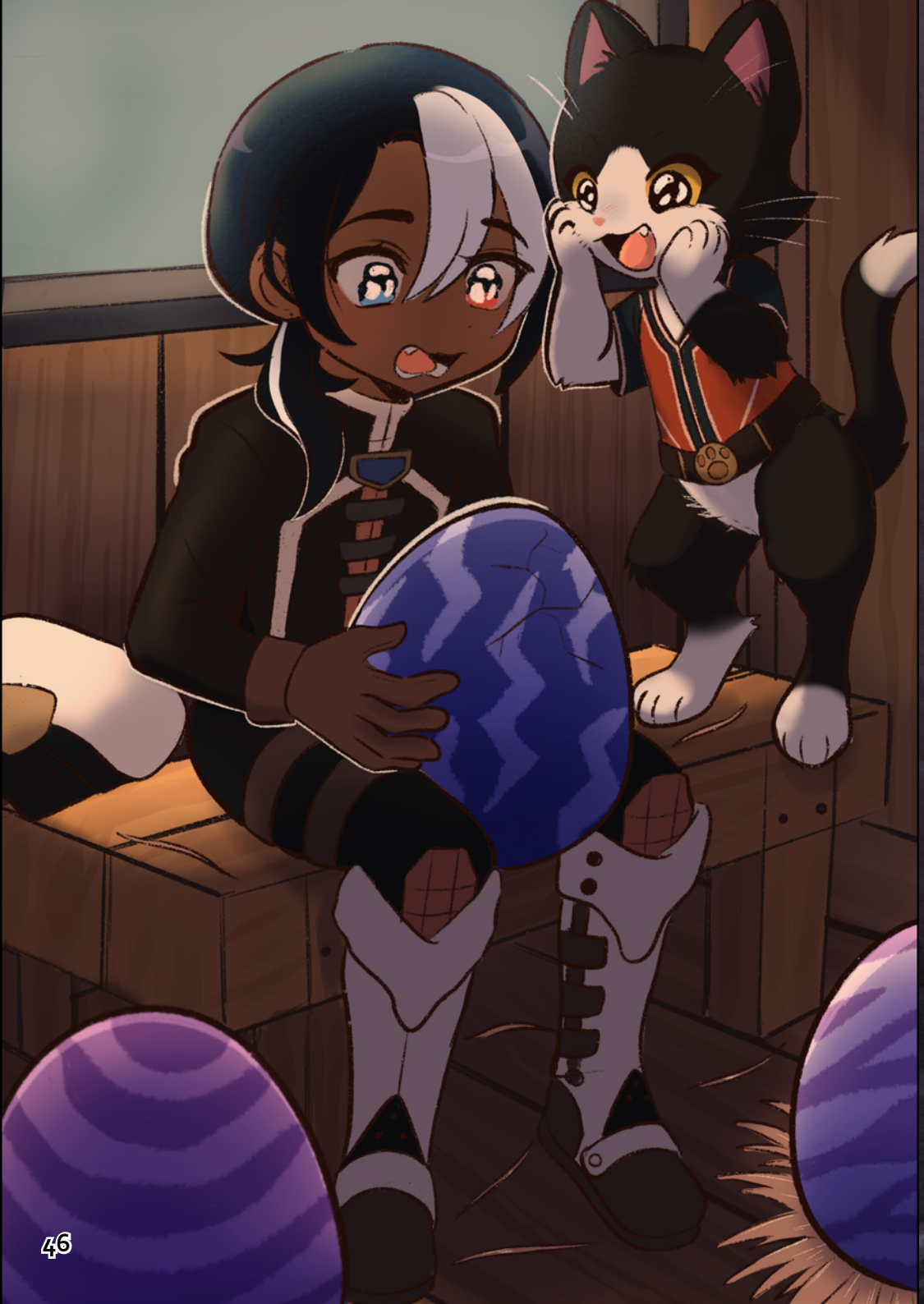
!? Zine Contributors Favorites

.ZINES

MONSTERS

1. Bazelgeuse
2. Gore Magala
3. Odogaron

Decoration by Blehcado



Little Troggo

ROUKABI
2025

Cerli Creations

Learning the Glaive

by SnailorBee

The first time an insect glaive really caught Mitsu's eye, she'd been a hunter for well over a year. When she first started out, her mentor had handed her a pair of well-worn dual blades with a simple explanation of "It's the easiest to learn on."

She took to them well enough. Mitsu's aware she wasn't the strongest hunter out there and her brief exploration of other weapons made her mentor's assessment a valid one; she wasn't great at any style that wasn't: 'Get ready to get hit and then get right back up.' She wasn't built for shielding or prepping a long combo in advance, she wasn't good at memorizing a monster's moves.

Though she'd seen insect glaives around (it's impossible not to see basically every type of weapon at *some* point) Mitsu had been too absorbed in her own attacks to take notice of anyone else's. It wasn't until a giant bug had whizzed past her, its wings close enough that she felt the breeze they sent off against her cheek that she'd frozen, dual blades still raised. With wide eyes, she'd watched as the insect fearlessly threw itself into the side of the monster, sending up a cloud of purple that lingered. Before she could unstick herself, a pop in the air above her made her look up to see the shape of another hunter fly through the air, then position their glaive straight down, launching themselves towards the ground, hitting the monster on its head, and bringing it down with them.

It was like being struck by Kirin's lightning. Explosive and unavoidable (at least, its lightning always feels like that to her since she always seems to get hit by it). Immediately after the battle, she'd rushed up to the insect glaive user, signing wildly.

They didn't understand sign language but luckily, the Handler was never far behind. In her cheerful voice, she'd translated with ease. The other hunter was friendly enough to indulge the barrage of questions and even let her hold their insect, it's mandibles clicking enthusiastically as the Handler cooed over it and Mitsu felt the way its body was so light against her forearm. It was hardly anything; the slinger bow weighed much more, and she barely used that yet still wore it daily. Her mind spun as she thought it over.

As they made their way back to camp, the Handle chirped from beside her, "So, what did you think, partner? Gonna try a new weapon out soon?"

Mitsu felt a spark of excitement swell inside of her. Crossing her fingers she waved them quickly, shooting a grin at the Handler, who grinned back. She knew what she meant.

Get ready.

Soaring through the sky would never get boring, Mitsu decided the first time she struck her glaive into the ground and pulled the trigger that shot her into the air.

Oh sure, her arms almost felt like they were being ripped out of their sockets and she wasn't able to make a swing before she landed again, but it was at least *something*.

It had taken several tries before she could even keep her grip on it. At first, the glaive kept rocketing out of her hands and into the air alone before falling gracelessly back to the training grounds.

Even as she winced at the loud clatter the glaive made, her mentor had only shaken his head with fondness. "Most do that the first few times. Again."

After she'd landed, arms shaking with the effort, Mitsu grinned widely, shaking her head to get her short blue hair out of her eyes. Her heart was pounding and though she knew she'd feel the ache in her arms, she knew with certainty that

she would never go back.

This is the feeling hunters spoke of when they found the weapon that suited them best. The thing that sparked a different kind of excitement during the battle. It was not just the thrill of the hunt, the joy of a win, it was a satisfaction of perfecting a weapon, of knowing exactly how to move with it and the pride at doing a maneuver well.

She'd felt it with the dual blades but never at this level, and she was only starting out. What would it be like when she'd master the insect glaive?

Decoration by
Caramel Cocoon Creations

Mitsu couldn't wait to find out.

Still, after her training session after waving off her mentor when he offered to escort her, she made it back to Astera and collapsed onto an unused box, letting her arms rest against her knees. People milled around her, but no one tried to get her attention—eyes flicking over her to identify her as a hunter before looking away without comment—which she was fine with. She needed a moment to gather her strength.

Peering down at the insect now adorned on her arm, she let out a small smile. She'd barely used it during their training, only figuring out how to land a tracking pod so the insect could attack it. Even then she'd been just as enthralled to watch the insect fly forward.

It was plainer than the insect glaive users she'd seen, still the beginning set, without the shimmering colors that they could be bred into.

The care booklet she'd been given Mitsu had only read up on the feeding instructions. Her Handler had excitedly flipped through the pages, gesturing and gushing over particular types that the insects could become.

All sorts of shapes, colors, and different styles of extracts that would help defeat monsters: poison, paralyzing, blast, and healing.

"You'll need to make an area for them, Partner!" The Handler said with glee. "Depending on how many you want."

Perhaps that's why some hunters didn't like to get into the insect glaive. Unlike other weapons, you had to actually care for something alive, including feeding and providing a space to breed them.

Mitsu liked that aspect of it though. Sitting on the box, letting the sounds of the crowd wash over her, she let her fingers run across the insect's back. It chittered at her, making her giggle.

Though she knew she had a long way to go, Mitsu was happy about the journey laid out in front of her. There was so much she had to do! So many monsters to hunt so she could unlock better equipment for her glaive, and monster parts to give to her insects to make certain types.

The idea was thrilling, and she found herself signing idly at the insect. Cupping her hand and pulling it down her chest. *Hungry*?

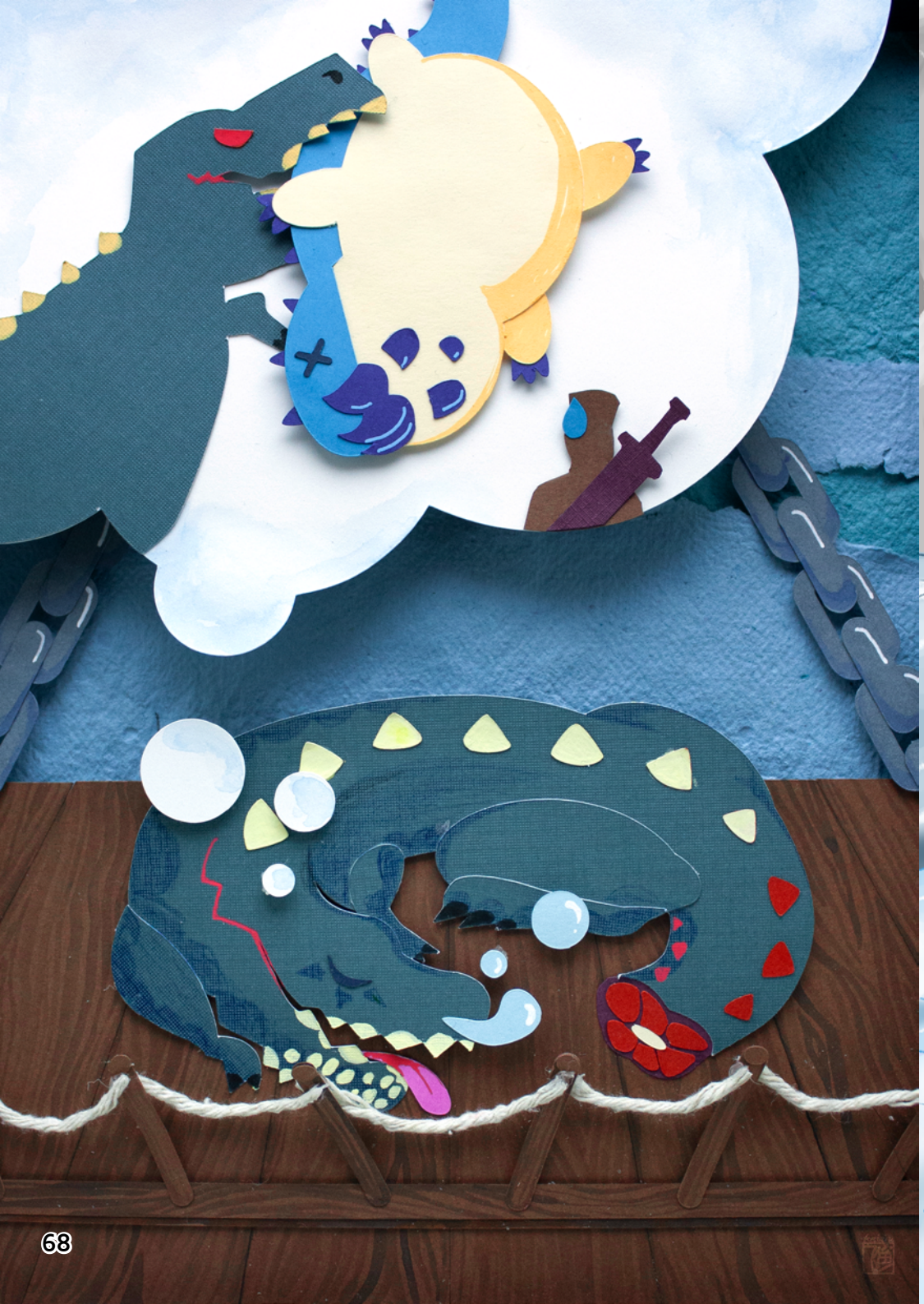
Her palico, Hachi, used to her sign language started jumping up and down, meowing with confirmation. The insect's wings started buzzing, sending her short hair flying around her face. Mitsu laughed, pleased at the reaction.

Jumping to her feet, she started signing at Hachi happily, outlining her plans for new training sessions. Originally, she'd worked mostly on her leg and core strength for dual blades, but she'd need a *lot* more arm strength if she wanted to keep herself in the air. Plus, some stamina training along with buffs.

Hachi nodded along as they wove their way through the crowd, just another hunter, aiming to do whatever she could to keep them all safe.

And have fun while doing it.

SpamHands



Durotos

THE FOOL

Little Embers

by NibwhipDragon

The ecologist stayed as still as she could in the desert brush as she watched the two elders. Her ghillie mantle was coloured a sandy yellow and covered in twigs, helping her to blend into the environment.

It was rare to be able to study an elder. And two at the same time? Unheard of. Not to mention that these two seemed to be mates, with how lovingly they treated one another.

The Lunastra was laid down beside her mate, preening his scarlet mane of fur.

Teostras were hot, Lunastras even moreso. Them, paired with the blazing sun, made the ecologist sweat despite the cool drink consumed beforehand. Nevertheless she soldiered on, scribbling down notes as fast as possible.

She was better at note-taking than art, but she couldn't help but draw the pair and their loving preening. It was valuable data! Their love had pretty much only been shown on the battlefield – there were many accounts on how aggressive Lunastra was, how she would not waste a single second eliminating anything she saw as a threat to her territory or family, how she would beautifully work in tandem with her mate in combat. It was why hunters were present, hidden and ready to engage at a moment's notice. If the Lunastra spotted the ecologist, the expedition would quickly go south.

A low, pleasured rumble came from the Teostra as the Lunastra preened away. He outstretched his wing – wow, what a wingspan! – and blanketed her under it.

What interesting behaviour. The ecologist scribbled it down. Then, after a moment's thought, added "a hug???" to her notes.

Elders were the embodiment of nature's elements. Kushala was the wind itself. Kirin could command the heavens to strike lightning down where and when it pleased. The pair before the ecologist's eyes were the incarnation of fire, that lit the way in lanterns and that turned entire forests to ash. In some areas, these beings were worshipped as Gods.

And yet.

The pair cared for each other the same way a Rathalos would help his Rathian get rid of loose scales. The same way a human would clean their partner's hair as they bathed together. Watching the Lunastra tend to her mate…it was humbling to the ecologist. They may be the Emperor and Empress of Flame, but they were still living beings. All beings yearned for affection, one way or the other. If you looked past their powers, Elders weren't too different from humans.

A mewl brought the ecologist out of her thoughts. That was no felyne. The mewl was too deep, too loud–

A small monster, sandy like the desert landscape peeked out from between the two Elders. And then, two more. They tottered about around the Elders, clearly not the best at walking.

The ecologist almost let out a gasp as she realised what she was seeing.

Those were Teostra and Lunastra cubs! Not only were these two monsters mates, but they were rearing!

The ecologist had to make sure to manage her excitement and write slower so the notes were legible. Kulu-scratch didn't make for good notes, and her notes had to be impeccable.

Once again her drawing skills came in handy as she sketched out the little ones as they played about (what precious data on behaviour this would bring!). Unlike their sexually dimorphic parents, these looked all the same.

It was hard not to mutter her thoughts to herself as she wrote down theories and notes. The cubs' colouring would help for them to blend into the desert environment – useful if their parents weren't around! And the ecologist then deduced that Teostra and Lunastra's young were raised in desert regions; Such colouring didn't align with the ashen colours of volcanic regions. The ecologist's mind was in overdrive as she wrote down any theories that came to mind.

Two cubs occupied themselves with playfighting each other. With their inexperience, their attacks were uncoordinated. Oh, how adorable...!

And then the third, a little larger than the rest, moseyed over to its father's tail. It eyed the furry end. An excited glint was in its eyes.

It took less than a moment for the cub to pounce – only for the tail to be swiftly moved out of the way by its watchful owner. The little one was quite determined however, and chased after it as it swished, pouncing and lunging whenever it was close.

How interesting!

Monster psychology and behaviour wasn't the ecologist's strong suit, but there was no harm in putting her own speculations behind the behaviours next to the notes, right?

The one chasing the tail showed typical hunting techniques: Crouching and creeping forward before striking, albeit clumsily. The two playfighting? Their wonky attacks reflected the ones hunters had recalled from fighting their mature versions. Precise, powerful, violent – though these ones, not so much. Though they were playing, certainly, surely, they were honing their skills too!

The ecologist fondly recalled a rider she had met, Nargacuga egg in tow. The little Nargacuga that hatched from it, named Nargie if memory served right, was quite the fast learner. It couldn't follow its rider around everywhere. Though the relations between riders and hunters had improved, letting monsters roam the streets wasn't exactly the best idea. When its rider wasn't available to take it somewhere it could roam, to the stables it went. That town had been a hunter's town and not a rider's, and so the residents of those stables always shifted as travellers came and went. Rathian, Arzuros, Qurupeco...The ecologist had seen a Deviljho there once!

Nargie had many friends – teachers, helping it grow battle techniques through play – during its time growing up in the stables. It all came into fruition when a frenzied Tigrex had wandered its way down to the town. Nargie and its rider made quick work of putting the poor monster out of its suffering and protecting the people. Nargie had moved swiftly like a Nargacuga would; But it slammed into the Tigrex like a Bulldrome and swiped with its claws like an Arzuros. The ecologist wished she was there to see such a sight, instead of hearing it second-hand.

If Nargie learned from its elders that way, surely these cubs would too?

Their mother seemed to grow tired with their antics. The Lunastra yawned, revealing pristine shining teeth. Somehow, the sight was both awe-inspiring and terrifying. She stood up, making sure to stretch her legs. And her wings too, for good measure.

The heat that came from the little flaps of her wings was incredibly hot. The ecologist in a panic hugged her notes close to her body, shielding it from the heat. What if the pages were set alight?! All of the precious data she collected would be gone forever! And her with it, possibly!

Her mate decided to follow in her footsteps. Thankfully, he didn't feel the need to stretch his wings.

The cub that had been chasing the Teostra's tail mewled angrily at its target was raised up, far out of its reach. It jumped on stubby legs to no avail.

Oh, that was a scene so cute that the ecologist wouldn't ever forget it. What a grumpy baby!

Eventually it gave up, before being distracted by a thunderbug. The other two, having seen their parents get up, stopped fighting. They watched their parents with intrigue.

A low rumble came from the Lunastra as she began to walk off. As if on cue, the cubs obediently tottered alongside her. They were quite well behaved for their age. From what the ecologist had seen, human and wyverian children would've wandered off at the simplest distraction. She didn't know how parents did it. It sounded like way too much stress!

Their father joined the family, on the other side of the children. If they had hands, the ecologist was sure they'd all be linked together. What a happy family! The ecologist couldn't wait to tell her own what she had seen today.

She waited, and took some final notes as they left to do whatever they intended on doing. Perhaps their formation with a parent on each side was to protect from potential predators.

The ecologist breathed a sigh of relief once they had left.

They were too hot! It was a mystery how she wasn't a puddle yet. Glad to be free from the extreme heat, she didn't waste time in coming out of the brush and removing the ghillie mantle. That thing trapped heat too easily. They sorely needed a revamp.

The ecologist looked down at her notebook, almost chock-full of notes now. This expedition left only a few pages blank. She held it close to herself as she rendezvoused with the hunters. She couldn't wait to send it off to the local Guild leaders, to have her work documented and eventually publicised in an ecology book!

But for now it was her treasure, and she'd keep it close and safe. Just like the Elder pair and their children.

!? Zine Contributors Favorites

ENDEMIC LIFE

1. Wiggler
2. Downy Crake
3. Fortune Owl

Decoration by desansen

NPC

1. Grammeowster Chef
2. Sophia (MH4U)
3. Handler (MHW)

Decoration by Torterrart

Firbet
Makes

SKELE
RANG

HAPPY MONSTER HUNTER WILDS RELEASE DAY!!!

Thank you so much for downloading this zine.

Sharing funny hunting memories is one of my favorite things about Monster Hunter and I couldn't wait to make this zine to celebrate the new release.

I hope you've found all your beloved monsters in here.
So many talented artists worked hard to give our precious babies all the art the deserve. We even had our first plushie in a zine... unbelievable!

I hope you're having a great time playing the new Monster Hunter game. Playing with friends is a central part of the game, and new adventures awaits in this new chapter. Don't forget to share them if you can, I'd love to hear them all.

See you hunting around
until the next project ♥

nini@dotzines

Additional Credits

Zine Icons Font created by: rem
kitefullofkoi rem#0128 lunarkite

FREEPIK

Book Icon

ZINE DECORATIONS BY

Blehcado | Caramel Cocoon Creations |
desansen | dountprty | Flaire | Linkyu | Mic S | Torterrart

A HUGE THANKS TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS
for checking and testing this zine before release~

CREDITS

Socials are clickable

chookatten
Cover artist

ChooKatten
chookatten

Pages: Covers, 88

021VII
Artist

021vii.carrd.co
021vii

Page: 33

Aazurelos
Artist

AAzurelos
aazurelos

Page: 29 + countdown day 6

Ali
Artist

sporekittyy
sporekitty

Page: 31 + countdown day 9

Amenyxart
Artist

Amenyx
amenyx

Page: 44

Blehcado
Artist

blehcado
blehcado

countdown day 1 + zine decoration

BrewedFiction
Writer - "Titan of the Frozen Seaway"

brewedfiction
BrewedFiction

Pages: 10~15

Caramel Cocoon Creations
Artist

caramelcocooncreations

Page: 47 + zine decorations + countdown day 4

Cat-Dragron
Artist

cat-dragron-arts
bsky.app/profile/cat-dragron.bsky.social

Page: 16

Ceris
Artist

cebrys.carrd.co
cebrys

Page: 36

Cerli Creations
Artist

cerlicreations

Page: 54

crystowl
Artist

crystowl

Page: 20

desansen
Artist

desansen.carrd.co
desansenArt

Page: 32 + zine decorations

dountprty
Artist

bsky.app/profile/donutparty.bsky.social
Donutprty

Page: 46 + zine decorations + countdown day 8

ducclord
Artist

ducclord
sheezy.art/ducclord

Page: 6

Durotos
Artist

durotoswrites
durotos1

Page: 69

evan
Artist

wirebugs

Page: 73 + countdown day 7

Fazara
Artist

fazara.png
bsky.app/profile/fazara.bsky.social

Page: 28

Feiyu
Artist

_feiyu
feiyufly

Page: 68

Firbet Makes
Artist

firbetmakes
firbetmakes

Page: 83

Flaire
Artist

FlairesArt
flaire.carrd.co

Page: 7 + zine decoration

Grizz
Artist

griz_z_ly
spitzandmiley

Page: 8

Halcandran Dee
Artist

halcandrandee

Page: 45 + countdown day 9

jcryla
Artist

jcryla
jcryla

Page: 70

Kata
Artist

weiyi_swy
weiyi_swy

Page: 18 + countdown day 1

Katu-Jan
Artist

katu-jan
bsky.app/profile/katu-jan.bsky.social

Page: 43

KnowledgeBear
Writer - "Monster Hunter: The Toxic Squad"

KnowledgeBear
KnowledgeBear13

Pages: 22~26

Lander64
Artist

lander64

Page: 34

Le Drac
Artist

sous-la-surface-du-drac
below-the-surface-of-the.drr.ac

Page: 72 + countdown day 3

Lexi
Artist

viktuurishipper96

Page: 27

Linkyu
Artist

blog.linkyu.systems
linkyu

Page: 50 + countdown day 1

LittleTroggo
Artist

littletroggo
bsky.app/profile/littletroggo.bsky.social

Page: 48 + countdown day 5

LotusBean
Writer - "Barroth Blunder"

honey_mantou

Pages: 38~42

Maybels Art
Artist

maybelsart

Page: 30 + countdown day 5

Mic S
Artist

weirdghostparty
bsky.app/profile/weirdghostparty.bsky.social

Page: 60 + zine decoration

Neomints
Artist

neomints.neocities.org
bsky.app/profile/ragadollite.bsky.social

Page: 82

NibwhipDragon
Writer - "Little Embers"

nibwhipdragon

Pages: 76~80

observant.phantom
Artist

observant.phantom
observantphantom

Page: 51

ohn
Artist

emerefordagulf
hamstercat61

Page: 62

pakuchew
Artist

magicforghosts
bsky.app/profile/pakuchew.bsky.social

Page: 61

piolin
Artist

flabberduckie

Page: 74

Roukabi
Artist

Roukabi
roukabi

Page: 52

Runo
Artist

its_ru.no
bsky.app/profile/its-runo.bsky.social

Page: 66

SchmeapBW
Artist

schmeap
SchmeapBW

Page: 55 + countdown day 3

SilviShinyStar
Artist

SilviShinyStar
silvishinystar

Page: 85

SKELERANG
Artist

skelerangart

Page: 84

SnailorBee
Writer - "Learning the Glaive"

SnailorBee
snailorbee.carrd.co

Pages: 56~59

SpamHands
Artist

18198264
spam-hands

Page: 64 + countdown day 4

Teddiepress
Artist

teddiepress
Teddiepress

Page: 35

Thistle
Artist

Natzooka

Page: 71

tjd
Artist

tjdthwjd

Page: 67

Tor Severino
Artist

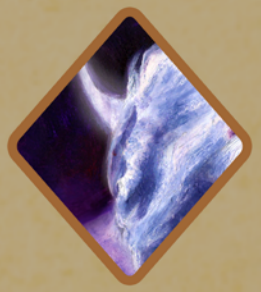
nycroshears
cara.app/nycroshears

Page: 4 + countdown day 6

Torterrart
Artist

torterrart

Page: 38 + countdown day 2

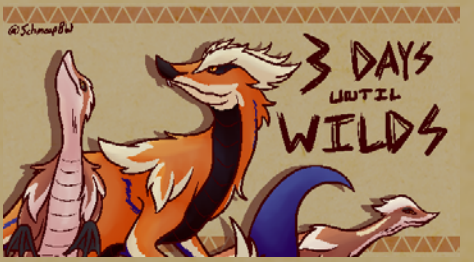


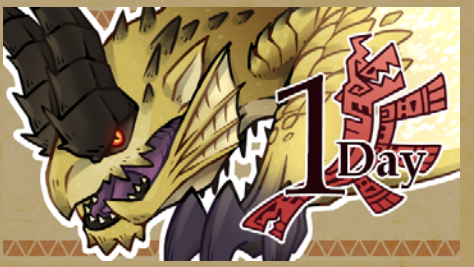
WBY
Artist

writhingbeneathyou

Page: 86

COUNTDOWN ART





.ZINES